



Busted by L. Raquel

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Summary: One-shot. My take on "that one scene" that will allegedly happen in Season 3 (Mike and El get caught making out in her bedroom by Hopper). This was very fun to write, so I hope you enjoy!

Busted

"Jesus, kid, do you have a tapeworm or something? I've never seen you eat this fast."

Hopper gazed on in astonishment as he watched his adopted daughter shove the last bite of chicken into her mouth. She had finished her entire meal (chicken, potatoes, green beans, the whole lot) in under five minutes. Normally, even after a long day of swimming under the hot sun, she'd at least take that....

El put her fork down and it hit the wooden table with a *clank*. "No, I'm... I'm just hungry, I guess."

"Well, next time, slow down, because you might choke. Just because the package says 'boneless chicken', it's not a hundred-percent guarantee. I learned that lesson the hard way once."

"Will do. Can I take my plate?"

He sighed. "Since you're finished, I don't see why not."

El nodded and got up from her chair. Her back faced Hopper as she began washing her dishes in the sink. She bit her lip and grinned to herself.

He has no idea.

The chief had certainly noticed the speed with which El had eaten her dinner. What he *didn't* know was the reason behind it, which was that El had some special, secret plans for the evening that involved a certain dark-haired boy...

"Hey, kid?"

El stopped in her tracks, mid fork-washing. *Oh God, he knows what I'm up to. I'm so stupid, why did I-*

"Do you want dessert? There's ice cream in the freezer."

She had to stifle a sigh of relief. "Oh, no, that's okay. I'm full anyway."

Hopper gave her a strange look. El hardly ever skipped dessert. There was an awkward silence as the two looked at one another, Hopper in suspicion, and El with her doe-eyed innocence. The doe-eyes won.

"Well, alright then. More for me."

"Yep! Um...let me know if it's any good! I'm gonna go to my room now, dad."

Before he could reply, Eleven had already sauntered off into the hallway. *Jeez, she seemed to be in an awful hurry to finish dinner...*

Whatever. He dismissed his thoughts. *Maybe it's another one of those hormonal things girls go through, who knows. Like I'd be an expert on that, anyway.*

With that, the chief washed his own plate and turned on the T.V. to watch his usual evening programs. If he only knew what was going to happen in an hour.....

As soon as El shut her bedroom door, she collapsed onto her bed, giggling in pure delight. She was *safe!* The chief had no *idea* about the plans she had in mind.

Seven days earlier, Mike had left for a family vacation, and the two hadn't been in contact since. And, man, oh man, did El miss him. She vented to Max on the fifth day and ended up in tears about the whole thing.

"You're going to be fine. Just hold out for a little bit longer and you can see him again. For the entire rest of the summer!"

"But, *Max*, I want to see him *now*."

Max put a comforting arm around El's shoulder. "He'll be back in *two days*, El!"

Exasperated, El hid her face in Max's jacket. "I can't wait that long!" She sobbed.

Which is why the second Mike got back, El planned to call him.

He had told her he would be home around 6 P.M. El looked at her bedside alarm clock. It read 6:14.

With a rush of anticipation, El picked up her Supercom.

"Mike, are you there?"

Static filled the air. El felt a surge of disappointment and impatience. *How could he not be home yet—*

"Hey! El! Yeah, I just got back. I swear, El, the car ride felt like *forever*, I guess, um, I was just really excited to see y—"

El couldn't wait any longer. "Can you come over?"

"...Now?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it Hopper's rule that I have to leave after dinnertime? When it gets dark?"

El bit her lip. "...He doesn't need to know."

Silence filled the air for a few moments. El knew Mike was always reluctant to break rules, but then again...he was dying to see her, too.

"You can come through my window, he won't see you," El assured him.

"Are you sure, El?" Mike sounded hesitant, but through that, El could tell that he wanted nothing more than to hop on his bike and head to the cabin, *now*.

El was sure. A week had been long enough.

"Yes, Mike."

"Okay. I'll be there soon, then." Even through the Supercom, El could hear him smiling.

"See you in fifteen?"

"Probably more like ten. I'll be there as quick as I can."

El grinned. "Can't wait."

"Me neither. I'm putting on my shoes as we speak. See you soon, El."

"See you soon."

El put down her Supercom and collapsed onto her bed again, feeling so excited, nervous, and eager to see her favorite person in the world that she hardly knew what to do with herself.

These next ten minutes are going to last forever, she thought.

Much to El's delight, the ten minutes ended up being eight because Mike had biked to the cabin at *record* speed. She popped up when she heard their secret knock on her window. El gazed at her closed curtains, and with a tilt of her head, they flew open.

And there, standing behind the glass, was Mike Wheeler. El's heart swelled as she gazed at her boyfriend. He was slightly sweaty and obviously panting from biking so fast. The summer heat and humidity had caused his hair to be curlier than usual, and one strand fell in front of his forehead. Most of all, though, he was wearing the most adorable, loving, *I'm-so-happy-to-see-you* smile on his face.

El nearly melted right on the spot.

With another tilt of her head, she opened up the window. Nothing separated them now. She took a step closer to Mike, suddenly feeling nervous.

"Hi," Mike said, still with the cutest grin plastered over his face.

El's expression mirrored his. A swarm of butterflies filled her stomach. "Hi."

The two stood like that, for a moment, just grinning at each other. They were in such joy of reuniting after a week of separation and so enamored with one another, neither could come up with anything to say.

Finally, though, Mike cleared his throat, bringing them out of their daze. "Um, can I come in now?"

"Oh! Sorry. Yeah."

El's window was a good four and a half feet above the ground, so Mike would have to climb in. "Okay, hang on, I think if I just put one leg up I can—oh!"

El extended her arm, and Mike was lifted effortlessly through the window and set gently down on her bedroom floor. *Perks of having a telekinetic girlfriend.*

"Thanks."

El smiled sweetly. "Anytime."

Before she could say anything else, Mike took two steps forward and enveloped her in his arms.

Feeling Mike's arms wrap around her after missing him so much was the best feeling in the world. It was almost indescribable. He was *here*. Immediately, El breathed in his familiar scent. A sense of warmth and calm overtook her as she inhaled the aroma of detergent, cinnamon, and honey. As she tightened her own arms around his waist, El felt surrounded by the undeniable feeling of home.

The two breathed a mutual sigh of relief as El rested her head on Mike's chest. *Yes, this is home.*

Mike leaned down to kiss the top of El's head. "I missed you."

El hugged him even tighter. "I missed you, too. So much."

When they finally broke apart, Mike chuckled. "God, I have no idea how we survived 353 days apart a year ago when we can barely handle *seven* now."

El giggled as a blush crept up her cheeks. "I don't know, I just know that I couldn't have waited longer and...and I'm just so happy you're here right now."

She watched Mike as a dopey, lovesick grin spread across his face yet again (his friends didn't call him Mike Heart-Eyes Wheeler for nothing, after all). "I'm happy, too."

For the second time, the couple gazed into each other's eyes, both feeling their heart swell by the second. Mike couldn't help but think of the time Lucas had remarked: "You two are so in love, it makes me want to puke." It was a good thing they were alone, or they'd be getting *harassed* by their friends for staring at each other so much.

It was Eleven who broke the silence this time. "So, how was your trip?"

Mike shrugged. "It was fun for the most part, I guess." He grimaced. "Well, except for..."

"Except for what?"

Mike averted his eyes and shook his head. "It's not a big deal. I don't wanna make you listen to me complain about stuff...it's stupid, anyway."

Despite Mike downplaying the subject, El could tell immediately that whatever it was, it had been bothering him. She took his hand and brought his face back up to meet hers.

"Mike, friends don't lie."

He sighed. She got him there.

"My parents were pretty much fighting the entire time. Even on the car rides. I always pretend it doesn't bother me, but, I don't know...I guess it does. I don't talk about it because so many people have it worse than me, with divorced parents and all. And El, I can't begin to imagine what it's like for you, with your Mama..."

He shook his head and walked over to sit on El's bed. "My situation doesn't even *compare* to yours, El." When El walked over to sit with him, he averted his gaze to the floor.

"Mike."

He looked back up at El. Her eyes were concerned, and so gentle.

She squeezed his hand. "I *care* about you. If...if you're going through something, I want to help you."

El sat down beside Mike, toward the middle of her bed. "And thinking about Mama is hard, but thinking about you hurting is just as bad."

Mike felt like his heart was in his throat. *I could live a thousand lifetimes and not deserve her*, he thought.

El brought up her hand to caress Mike's cheek. "Talk to me."

At this point, he had a *very* strong urge to kiss her, but he decided since El really wanted him to talk about his problems, it could wait. At least for a little while.

Mike shifted his position on El's bed to get more comfortable "So, my parents started fighting a few years ago. At first it wasn't much, just every once in a while. But eventually it became an everyday thing."

El nodded her head.

"It was rough. They could argue about *anything*, I swear. Even stupid stuff like what color the new curtains should be, or how many times we can eat pizza for dinner in a week. When I started middle school, my mom didn't even take any pictures because she was too busy screaming at my dad."

El ran her thumb over his palm in empathy. "That must've been really hard," she spoke softly.

"Yeah, it...it was. And on the trip, it was the exact same way. They were too busy fighting to enjoy anything we were doing. Us kids didn't end up enjoying it much either."

"I'm so sorry, Mike. You deserve better than that."

"It's okay, El. It really is. It's okay because...."

Mike looked at her, *really* looked at her.

"I have you."

The look Mike was giving El left her speechless. His brown eyes *burned* into her hazel ones. She couldn't do anything but look back at him, flushed cheeks on full display.

Mike took hold of both of El's hands. "El, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. You make everything better. And I, I just don't even know how to thank you for that."

But he didn't have to thank her with words. Instead, El decided to thank *him* with actions.

Feeling more in love than she's ever been, El leaned in. Mike closed his eyes and smiled in pure bliss as the distance between them got closer...closer...

Their lips met and Mike swore fireworks were going off in his brain. Kissing El was *everything*. It was what life was about. As her hands gripped his shirt to bring him closer, Mike tilted his head to deepen the kiss.

And when they finally broke apart, El felt complete. She felt whole. It was like that every time she kissed Mike. But there was one thing that was different.

She really, *really* wanted to do it again. Like right now.

And she could see in the way Mike's eyes traveled to her pink lips that he wanted the exact same thing.

At the same time, their lips met once again. It was like the first kiss, loving and sweet, except something else was present now, too.

Fire. Urgency. It was like they couldn't possibly kiss long enough. Almost on instinct, El's hands traveled up the back of Mike's neck and found a grip in his hair. Mike wrapped his arms around her waist. Together, they took each other in like they were in a desert and the other person was the last drop of water on earth.

Mike was lost and rendered completely senseless by El's hands gripping his hair, the sweet scent of vanilla and lavender lingering on

her skin, and, most of all, how god damn *soft* her lips were. His brain, normally analytical and constantly thinking, was reduced to all but a pile of mush.

And El. Of course, her powers made her a force to be reckoned with, but no one knew the effect Mike had on her. Just one look, one smile, could make her *melt* instantly. And that didn't even compare to what was happening right now! She felt his hands tightening around her waist, gently moving up and down her back, and she swore her entire body was on *fire*.

It was clear they wouldn't be stopping this anytime soon.

El tilted her head to deepen the kisses even further. Mike's hands left El's waist and landed on either side of her face. She reveled in the feeling of his soft, gentle hands on her cheeks.

Out of nowhere, El suddenly had the urge to lean back on her bed. She didn't know exactly why, she just wanted to be closer to Mike. She wanted...*needed* to be pressed up against him.

As she brought her hands back to Mike's shoulders, El began to lean back and—

"El? Are you ready for bed yet?"

Shit.

At the speed of light, the couple separated. Mike's eyes were as wide as saucers.

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit,

For a moment, El froze. Hopper was coming. She could hear his footsteps coming toward her room. They needed to act *fast*.

Mike jumped off her bed and went to the nightstand. The footsteps were getting closer.

He threw the first book he picked up, the TV Guide, at El. He stood on the opposite side of the room and opened the second one, a *Space Gamers* magazine.

"No, Mike!" El whispered violently. "You're too far away, it'll look suspicious!"

Hopper was moments away from opening El's door.

At the very last second, a panicked Mike jumped from his side of the room onto the foot of El's bed. He laid horizontally while El laid against her headboard vertically.

El's bedroom door opened.

Hopper knew something was up when El didn't reply to him asking if she was ready for bed. He saw her door was closed and just had a...feeling that something was out of the ordinary.

And he found out exactly *what* was out of the ordinary when he opened the door and saw Mike Wheeler, laying at the foot of El's bed, obviously uncomfortable, and reading a *Space Gamers* magazine *upside down*.

The worst part was, Mike didn't notice the magazine was upside down until Hopper pointed it out.

Hopper put his hands on his hips. "Alright, kiddos, let's do me a favor and answer a few questions."

The two were silent. Mike had the phoniest smile across his face and El had the classic, God help Jim Hopper, *just-kissed* look.

"One, how did Wheeler get into your room?"

There was no way to get out of that one. Hopper knew he hadn't come through the front door.

El looked down in her lap. "The window."

Hopper crossed his arms. "Second question is for you, Wheeler. Why are you reading a magazine upside down?"

Mike immediately went beet red and fumbled to turn the magazine right-side up. "Um, I—"

"Save it, kid. Just save it."

Both teens averted their eyes. There was no amount of lying they could do. They were busted.

"Last question. How long will it take Wheeler to get out of here before I have to call his parents and tell them *exactly* what you two have been up to?"

Mike got up, wide-eyed. "Um, no time at all sir, I was just leaving. B-Bye El."

"Bye Mike." El knew this was not the time for a goodbye kiss.

As Mike made his way through the front door, Hopper decided he had one more question for him.

"Wheeler."

He stopped dead in his tracks and turned to the chief, undeniably terrified.

"What shade of lipgloss are you wearing? I don't think it suits your skin tone."

Mike felt his cheeks burn and gaped like a fish, unable to form coherent words.

"Uh-I...Um--"

"Get the hell out of here, kid."

"Sorry."

Mike stumbled around the cabin to retrieve his bike. Hopper watched him as he very quickly disappeared into the distance.

What am I going to do with those damn kids?

Hi all! If you've gotten to this point, thank you so much for reading! If you liked it, didn't like it, or just have anything to say in general

please, PLEASE REVIEW! It really helps me improve, but also, nothing makes my day more than seeing if someone enjoyed my story or had a reaction to it. If you have a few minutes, I would appreciate it so much! Anyway, thanks again for reading :)